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THE NEW WOMAN SHOWS WHAT SHE CAN REALLY DO.

Marcellus, Mich., Is Controlled by the Fair Sex in Politics, Business, Society.



"Bloomers are worn in Marcellus by Mrs. R. Snyder, a wealthy resident."

Marcellus, Mich., Feb. 1.—No woman asks if her hat is on straight in this town, or absent-mindedly tries to put her divided skirt on over her head when she gets up in the morning. The emancipated, advanced and progressive woman has flung her banner from the outer walls, and it does not look as though the twentieth century baby was going to have the ghost of a show here. The tyrant man of this hamlet is represented by a male person, who goes about wearing a gray shawl over his coat. If spoken to about the feminine uprising here he makes a feeble attempt to be humorous, but there is a nervous uneasiness in his smile and a dejected look in his eye that are as unfunny as the fifth plume on a hearse.

Before the Spring crocuses bloom lovely woman will control the village of Marcellus. Already she practically holds the whip hand, and in the various business enterprises and professions of the town she occupies the foremost place, having entire direction of the School Board and a voice in every question of importance that comes up in the management of the place. By Spring time, if her plans eventuate, she will run things as she pleases, to the entire exclusion of the men.

The new woman movement here started about two years ago, when the women asked for representation on the School Board. They met with opposition, but two fair members were finally elected through a Mugwump element among the men. From that time the Marcellus woman began to take a bifurcated view of things, and little by little she has advanced herself, until now she occupies the front rank, the men of the place being utilized only as a back-ground.

One of the hotels here is owned and managed by a woman, there is a woman undertaker, a woman barber and a woman horse jockey, all of whom are practical workers in their various vocations, earning good incomes and taking their work as a most ordinary matter of course. Besides these notable instances, there is hardly a business enterprise or shop of any kind in Marcellus in which the wife is not equally interested with the husband. In most cases she directs the business, while he does chores and acts under her orders.

Mrs. J. G. Cromley is the leader of the woman movement here, and is a rabid temperance advocate. She is a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, as well as of the numerous other feminine societies and clubs of the town. Some of these are the Lady Macabees, the Isabella Literary Club, the Allegro Society, the Woman's Literary Association and the Woman's Relief Corps, which is quite a formidable list in a town of scarce a thousand inhabitants. These clubs meet regularly every week, and the result is that the feminine population of Marcellus is usually at the lodge every night in the week. The wife carries a latchkey on a chain, and hubby stays at home by the fire, with his shawl around him, and keeps the children quiet until their mother returns.

The abolitionment of three saloons, which at present do business in the town, is the avowed object which the women have in view at present, but men who claim to know—though they begged me not to mention their names, as it would get them into trouble at home—told me that this ostensible intention was used to cloak a hideous design of the women to gain complete political control of the place.

I arrived in Marcellus about 3 o'clock in the morning, and breakfasted at the small hotel, a few hours later, in the company of

six drummers, who did not appear to advantage in the dim morning light. Drummers are about the only visitors who come to Marcellus, for it is an out-of-the-way place, not down on all the maps. You must use influence with the conductor if you wish to have the train stopped here so that you may get off, and you have to wave a red flag at the engineer of an east-bound train if you wish to get on. It is very exciting and interesting to stand on the middle of a track, in the face of an on-coming train, waving a flag with fervor, and wondering if the engineer is going to run over you or to stop and take you on. Still, one feels willing to risk anything rather than to face the prospect of waiting twenty-four hours more for the chance of an improbable stop.

I visited Mrs. Cromley, the leader among the women of the village, and she told me that a bombshell would be exploded in the Town Board in the Spring. "I can't tell you now just what it will be," she said, "but we are tired of moral suasion in our endeavor to stamp out this liquor evil. We work along political lines, and have petitioned the State Legislature and the Village Council to aid us without much effect. I have written many articles on this subject for the Marcellus News, but the saloon patronage was lost to the paper, and they discontinued them. We have been accused of forcing ourselves into the School Board, but I wish I understood that we were elected by the men. Of course they were opposed to some of the men that had been proposed for office, and that is how they put us in the place. That was a most exciting meeting, and at its conclusion one woman arose and moved that a vote of thanks be tendered the men for being present. This was carried, and the men applauded with enthusiasm.

"We are opposed to the liquor traffic here, and I can say frankly that we can run the town to better advantage than the men if they wish to keep these saloons going. We never trifle with results. We work at the cause. A saloon keeper we regard as a commissioned man, a government clerk, who receives for his labor what is left after the demands of the government are met."

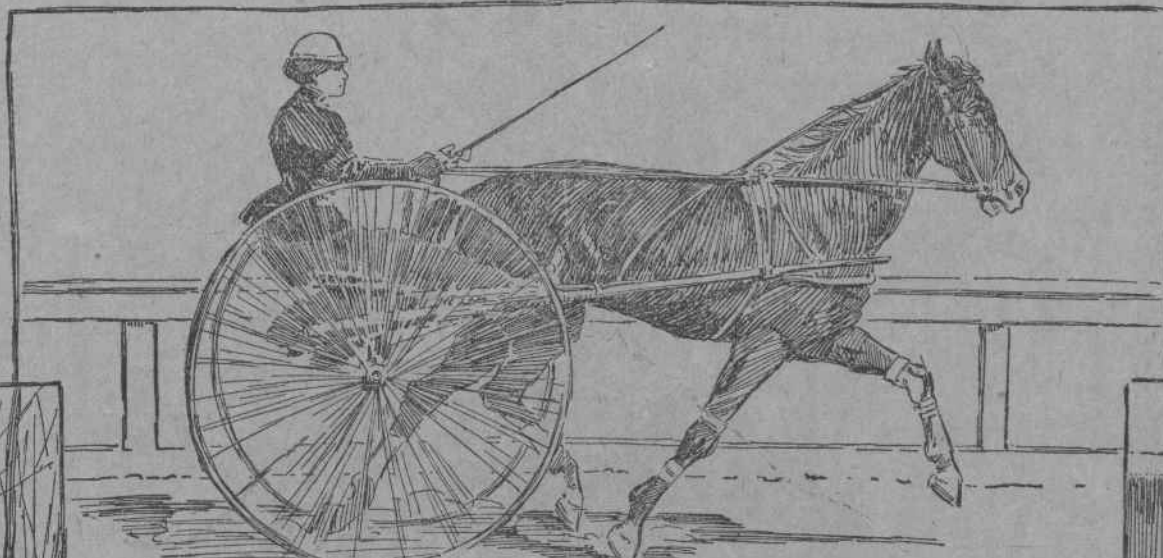
Mrs. G. W. Jones, who is a fellow-member of Mrs. Cromley on the School Board, is almost equally strenuous in her denunciation of the liquor business in Marcellus. She obtained the pledge of every woman here in support of the movement. Mrs. Anna Walter, the woman undertaker, is one of the prettiest women in Marcellus. Her husband, Elmer Walter, was born here, and she is also a native of the town. I called at the shop, where a dual business is carried on. Furniture is sold in the front of the store, and coffins in the back. You can get an East Lake cradle in one department, and, passing on to the next, can procure a neat Queen Anne casket at cut rates.

Mrs. Walter was not at home. Her husband told me so, and said he would not care to talk about Mrs. Walter's business affairs, but he told me where I could find her, and I drove out to the "SH" place, and there sat the young woman who conducts half the funerals in Marcellus.

"Yes," she said, "I am an undertaker, and expect to get my diploma next year. I must take another course in lectures and a practical study of anatomy by means of dissection before I can be graduated."

"At first I did not like the work, but I have grown to take a pride in it now, as

"Mrs. Johnson drives a horse in trotting races and is often a winner."



"Mrs. A. Walter, the woman undertaker and funeral director, is one of the prettiest women in Marcellus."

one will in any profession. I can prepare a body for embalming, and can also embalm it. Then I have conducted funerals here when my husband was busy. It makes it much pleasanter for me to be associated with my husband in his business. A mutual interest of this kind creates a sympathy between us which the woman who does not understand her husband's work can never feel."

At the shop I saw some of the new ideas in coffin linings, which are the result of Mrs. Walter's artistic taste and design. Dainty ruffles of lace and puffs of satin, interlined with haircloth to give a bouffant effect, were among the newest wrinkles.

Another successful business woman of Marcellus is Mrs. Melissa Decker, who is partner with her husband in a thriving barber shop. She is a good-looking matronly girl and has a long list of customers who even prefer her work to that of her husband.

"I learned how to trim whiskers and to shave people soon after I married Mr. Decker," she said, "Whenever he was rushed he had to hire a man to come in and help him. This cost us a lot of money, and one day I got the idea of learning. I took to it very quickly, and now I can shave any one just as good as a man barber. It takes me nearly three-quarters of an hour to shave a man. Some are harder than others, of course, but we have more whiskers to trim than any other branch of the business, and I am considered an expert at that. I wear a big white apron over my dress. That is all the change I make."

"No, I don't talk much to my customers, but you know it really is the customers who do all the talking to the barbers."

Another notable new woman of Marcellus is Miss Ella Wilcox, who has been appointed janitor of the United Brethren Church here. The church had a man janitor who received \$25 a year for his services. The official Church Board, all the members of which are women, declared him incompetent and he was ousted to make way for Miss Wilcox, who fills his place at the same salary. Miss Wilcox told me that the work was very slight and was really a pleasure to perform.

"On Sundays and during the week we have services," she said, "and I go to the church and ring the bell. I keep the church clean and carry the keys. Of course I am responsible for the safety of everything there."

Miss Wilcox is young and attractive and lives with her father in a comfortable little cottage.

Mrs. Johnson, who drives a horse in the trotting races at Marcellus is also a re-



"Miss E. Wilcox is janitor of the church."

markable woman. She has won many races against men drivers, and it is said that she has received many offers from theatrical and circus managers to go upon the road with their attractions. But she insists that she makes money enough at home and is content to stay here.

I saw several members of the village council to-day and I conversed with them about the prospect of the women gaining control of the town and driving out the liquor dealers.

planning a new and tremendous coup in the Spring they looked apprehensive and more than ever like goats.

Mr. Stern was spoken of as one of the principal opponents to the devastating march of the new woman. He said to me that he did not approve of prohibition.

"We would lose revenue and gain nothing," he said. "I approve of the work that women are doing here so far as their literary clubs and charities are concerned, but I don't see why they should mix up in the management of the town. Of course, they did push themselves on to the School Board and push out the men. But the School Board is not such an important matter, and they are welcome to their power, so far as it goes."

Bloomers are worn in Marcellus, but only for wheeling as yet. Miss Flossie Taylor, the Mayor's daughter, has a cycling bicycle costume, and Mrs. R. Snyder, who is a wealthy resident of the town and a grandmother, is an ardent wheel woman and has a stunning suit of velvet knickerbockers and jacket. A local humorist here has written a series of sketches on the subject of the Marcellus new woman, similar to the following:

Well, maw is gone again to-night! It snows like cats and dogs, but maw said there was a lot of ladies to be taken into the lodge to-night, and she had to be there, so maw she patted paw on the back, kissed him good night, and said he had better get the children off to bed as soon as he could, to mow the lawn and feed her good and take her to bed along with him. The paragon is on the dresser and a bottle of soothing syrup in the pantry; put a chunk of wood in the stove and have the lamp burning 'cos it will be late when I get home to-night, as we are going to have a blowout after we get through with our business. So maw she frisked her hare, put on her new dress and bid adieu to night. Of course, the baby held out its little hands and cooed for maw. Paw dove to the bed and cooed for maw. Paw dove to the bed and cooed for maw. Paw dove to the bed and cooed for maw.

"Not only is Blaine represented in the mines," said Mr. Webster, "but the majority of the men from Blaine's Landing, across the British Columbia border, are pouring across and panning out the dirt of the Point Roberts hills. These are not the only discoveries of gold that have contributed to the contagion of fortune hunting in the northwest corner of the State. Another rancher, whose name I do not remember, while sinking a well at his place on Lulu Island, after reaching a depth of thirteen feet, brought to the surface dirt that panned out \$1,000 to the ton. He is still digging the well, but it is not for water."

Those who had already squatted and staked out claims, in connection with the Goodfellow and myself, held a meeting Thursday and named their find the Clinton mining district, which name the new papers recognizing the findings will bear."

Pat Sheedy in Egypt.

[The Sphinx, Cairo.] At an interview with the American sport, Pat Sheedy, who is at Shepherd's Hotel, he was asked: "Is dealing in stocks more hazardous than ordinary gambling?" "I should say it was," he replied. "Any

Mere Men Wear Shawls and Are at a Discount in the Town Where Women Shave and Boss.



"Mrs. Melissa Decker is considered an expert at trimming beards."

know what time it was when maw got home, but when we got up in the morning she was putting paw on the back and telling him what a dear, kind hubby he was, and what a lovely time she had the night before, and how much better everything would be in a little while when the women get to voting and get elected on the Common Council and get sent to the Legislature to make better laws to govern men while they are taking care of better babies.

KATE MATTERSON.

CRAZY OVER GOLD.

Story of a Great "Find" of Wealth Near Blaine.

[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.] George Webber, a United States Customs Inspector, arrived in this city last night from Blaine, and tells of a great excitement among the people there and across the British Columbia line over a "gold find." Mr. Webber's story sounds like a tale of fiction, and, while there is nothing romantic about it, there are exciting suggestions of wealth to be gotten from the earth.

Mr. Webber says that a rancher named James Goodfellow, whose acquaintance he made while on duty at Point Roberts, came to Blaine and asked him to return to Point Roberts with him, and pass an opinion on silver Goodfellow considered gold, in the sand and dirt in the hills in the neighborhood of the canneries of the Alaska Packers' Association, having had a number of years' practical experience as a miner, at last consented, and, having a team, accompanied by Goodfellow, made the fourteen-mile drive to Point Roberts. He procured a pan and went to the hills, directed by the excited

Goodfellow pointed out the place where he had first made his discovery, and Mr. Webber, who was at first skeptical, went to a creek near the place and began washing it. The first thing after the soil was scooped up a pan of dirt, which was black sand lying at the bottom of the pan. After this had been washed out, Mr. Webber states in color hardly believe his eyes for the bottom of the pan was covered with shot gold. Having in mind several "salting" propositions, Mr. Webber again took up a pan of earth at a considerable distance from the place where Goodfellow claimed to have made his discovery. This second pan was even more prolific of the yellow metal than the first, and upon convincing himself that Goodfellow had told the truth, he jumped into his buggy and as fast as possible made for Blaine, from which place he proceeded to Whatcom, where he recorded two mining claims, and then returned to Point Roberts. In the meantime, Goodfellow, who is not a citizen of the United States, had started his son to Whatcom to take out his naturalization papers in order to be able to file upon claims for himself. When passing through Blaine Young Goodfellow told the story, and in less than an hour half the population of that town was on its way to the new Eldorado.

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game is hazardous and sure to 'eat you up' where there is a percentage in favor of the dealer, if you only stick to it, the percentage is sure to eat up your capital. Take roulette, for instance. As played in America, with the 'double zero,' the percentage in favor of the house having the wheel is 5.27 per cent. Let a man with a thousand dollars go up against the wheel, and he will only question of time when the croupier will get all his money. He knows, however, precisely what the odds against him are, and he takes a thousand dollars and goes into Wall Street, with it, and what does he get? In the first place his broker will charge him one-eighth of one per cent. for betting—hog pardon—placing his money. Unless he gives the most positive and exact orders about the figures he wants his deal closed at, if he isn't eaten up by his margin, he is likely to get it in the neck. He doesn't see the cards shuffled, doesn't know whether or not he has been duped, and if he has ordered his broker to sell at 60 1/2, or as near that as possible, he may find when he comes, 'I met a friend who told him that 60 1/2 was 'the best he could get,' and he has to rely on his word. You can't protect yourself against it. Not a professional card gambler seldom has any luck in stock deals."

Mr. Sheedy says that for the life of him he can't get any provisions and grain trading on margins isn't just as much gambling as betting on cards. "Not long ago," he says, "I met a gambler who seemed much worried in mind. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me that he was overstocked with wheat. 'Where is it?' I asked. 'I didn't know that you owned an elevator.' He looked at me a moment half angrily, saying, 'What are you trying to do—string me?' Then I found out that he owned 500,000 bushels of wheat 'on a margin.' He thought the price was going against him, and if it did he would have a grand hustle for money to cover with. As a matter of fact, though, he had owned millions and millions of bushels of wheat in his time, he never actually possessed a bushel of it. What is he but a gambler, like myself? Only the law protects him and ostracizes me. I've got my life insured for a hundred thousand dollars, but I have to die to beat it; but if I were to call the president of the insurance company a gambler people would say, 'That's all right, I can't get it through my head that he isn't just as much of a gambler as I am.'"

THAT SALT STORM.

Additional Facts Regarding the Recent Phenomenal Storm.

[Laramie Boomerang.] A phenomenal salt storm visited Western Wyoming and points in Utah and Idaho recently. Dr. C. T. Gamble, of Evanston, makes the following contribution to the News, of that city, concerning the phenomenon:

"The snow storm which prevailed here last week resulted in producing a phenomenon that has not been witnessed for years. The windows in the stores and residences of the city were encrusted with a deposit of salt which no doubt came from the Great Salt Lake. The wind prevailing on New Year's Day blew from that direction and on the following morning it was impossible to look from windows that had been previously clean. One would think that such a thing was impossible, but such is the fact notwithstanding. We herewith append a letter from Dr. C. T. Gamble, of Alamy, to which he authorizes the publication of its name. It explains itself, and we are ready to uphold him in what he says. It is as follows: The recent snow storm deposited in Alamy alone twenty-seven tons of salt. "This assertion may appear fabulous, but nevertheless, it is true, as it has been proven by carefully estimating the quantity on a given surface in different parts of the camp. The area of Alamy is something over nine miles and three-tenths to the mile would make twenty-seven tons of the soda deposited. The salt would, if collected and sacked, make an ordinary wagon load. Those who doubt the above statements go to figuring."